Chapter 284: The Void’s New Overseer

Sung Jin-Woo, seated upon his throne in the towering Umbra Citadel, exuded an aura of boundless power and calm control. With the Primordial Pantheon annihilated, remnants of their existence drifted aimlessly in the void, their once-formidable energy now reduced to fragments. However, even the faintest traces of such primordial forces were not to be ignored.

With a mere thought, Sung Jin-Woo manifested one of his most powerful clones—a perfect replication of himself, albeit with only 0.0000000000000001% of his original power. Even at this fractional strength, the clone's presence was overwhelming, its rank surpassing comprehension as it stood at $S^{999999999999}$-Rank.

Into the Void

The clone stepped forward, crossing the barriers of reality with effortless grace. It arrived in the void—a place of absolute emptiness, where light, matter, and time held no dominion. Here, the scattered remnants of the Primordial Pantheon lingered, faint glimmers of chaotic energy that pulsed sporadically.

“Such arrogance,” the clone murmured, surveying the fragments. “To think they dared to challenge the Divine Triad.”

With a single motion, the clone extended its hand, shadowy tendrils erupting from its form. These tendrils, composed of Sung Jin-Woo’s boundless essence, moved with purpose, seeking out every trace of the Pantheon’s energy.

The void trembled as the tendrils found their targets.

Absorption of Power

The remnants of the Primordial Pantheon resisted. Sparks of chaotic energy lashed out, attempting to free themselves from the clone’s grasp. Fractured pieces of Nyxtharion’s chaotic will, Erythnys’s despair, and Krythos’s insatiable hunger surged against the tendrils.

But resistance was futile.

“You still cling to your delusions of strength,” the clone said coldly. “Let me end your suffering.”

The tendrils tightened, pulling the remnants toward the clone. The fragments began to dissolve, their chaotic essence merging seamlessly with the shadowy energy of Sung Jin-Woo’s creation. With each absorbed fragment, the clone grew darker, its presence becoming an overwhelming void within the void.

The process was methodical, absolute. No trace of the Primordial Pantheon’s power was left behind.

The Void’s New Supervisor

Once the absorption was complete, the clone stood alone in the void. Its form pulsed with power, a fraction of the immense energy Sung Jin-Woo had absorbed through it. The void, once chaotic and aimless, now felt subdued under the clone’s dominion.

“Supervisor,” the clone muttered to itself, its voice echoing in the emptiness. “This place will no longer be a sanctuary for chaos. It will bend to the will of the Divine Triad.”

The clone raised its hands, channeling the energy it had absorbed. Shadows poured forth, weaving into intricate patterns that reshaped the void. What was once a realm of nothingness began to take form—a network of structures built from pure shadow energy.

The void now served a purpose, transformed into a hub for Sung Jin-Woo’s expanding influence.

Sung Jin-Woo’s Perspective

Back in the Absolute Realm, Sung Jin-Woo observed the events unfolding in the void through the eyes of his clone. The power he had absorbed from the Primordial Pantheon was flowing back to him, strengthening his already incomprehensible might.

“This is the fate of those who oppose me,” he said, his voice calm yet resolute. “Even their remnants serve my will.”

Ashborn and Sung Su-Ho, standing nearby, watched their father with admiration and awe.

“Father,” Su-Ho said, “is there no end to your dominion?”

Sung Jin-Woo turned his gaze toward his son, a faint smile on his lips. “The multiverse is vast, Su-Ho. There will always be something new to conquer, something new to protect. But as long as the Divine Triad stands united, there is no force that can threaten our reign.”

Ashborn nodded in agreement. “The void is now ours. What remains is to prepare for whatever may lie beyond it.”

A Warning in the Shadows

As the clone solidified its dominion over the void, a faint echo reached its perception. A whisper, almost imperceptible, yet laced with an undeniable malice.

“Enjoy your victory while it lasts, Shadow Monarch,” the voice hissed. “The true threats have yet to reveal themselves.”

The clone’s gaze sharpened. “Who dares?”

But the voice faded as quickly as it had come, leaving no trace of its origin.

Back in the Umbra Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo’s expression darkened as he, too, heard the warning through his connection to the clone.

“It seems the multiverse has more secrets to uncover,” he said, his tone measured but resolute. “Let them come. I will be ready.”

With that, Sung Jin-Woo shifted his focus back to the Absolute Realm, preparing his forces for whatever challenges lay ahead. The void, now under his control, would serve as both a bastion and a warning to all who dared to oppose him.

The Shadow Monarch’s reign was far from over—it had only just begun.